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THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. SWIFT.

No. 336.

IMITATION OF BONAPARTE'S CONDUCT BY THE INVADERS OF NORWAY.

AFTER a variety of reports, which led the public in general to expect a compromise between Norway and Sweden, it seems pretty clear that the former sees nothing either in the arms or the rhetoric of it's enemies to give up it's independence tamely, and that at the close of a war against encroachment and ambition, we are really to assist one of BONAPARTE's former Generals in starving and shooting into submission, for the will and pleasure of that consistent personage, a neighbour who never injured him. We use these plain terms, starving and shooting, to express the plain fact; for although Mr. CANNING, among others, when he was putting out his feelers the other day to see what new ground he could find with the Ministers, undertook to object to terms like these as unfair and uncivil, when such great, general, and necessary matters as wars were talked about; yet, with his leave, it is not what the *war-makers* but what the *war-sufferers* think upon these occasions, that is to settle the matter. If the general necessity of a war counterbalances it's particular evil, then we may chuse to shut our eyes as much as possible to it's horrors, and have our feelings elevated above the matter of fact by drums and trumpets; but if the war assumes a particular, selfish, and unnecessary character as in some of the wars of BONAPARTE and in the present one, then we must speak of the latter as these very men, as well as ourselves, *used to do of the former*; and as long as the Norwegians are to have the bread intercepted at their mouths, and to be laid prostrate with bullets before this regenerating Gallican friend of our's, we shall use the terms starving and shooting in speaking of their condition, just as we chuse to call the infliction of the cat-o-nine-tails a torture instead of a flogging. In the latter case, plainness of speech appears to have done a great deal of good by fixing the attention of people upon what the thing really is; and would to Heaven that nations could look at each other a little more as the individuals of a nation can;—we might then expect to see the same plainness do good on a much larger scale.

The CROWN PRINCE of SWEDEN, finding that his neighbours were not to be cajoled out of their abhorrence of subjugation by talking, at length takes his march towards them, but before he enters their territory, feels a something about him that induces him to say a little more, and issues a proclamation in the old way to assure them that he is only coming for their own good,—only coming to force them into liberty, and to cut them up into a comfortable sense of themselves. The world has seen too many proclamations of this kind, particularly of late years; but in spite of the antiquity of this bad joke, the present has a new feature of the curious, in coming at a season, when it's writers have been railing at the very thing themselves. We will lay the document piecemeal before the reader, and comment upon it as we go. The task is not a very pleasant one; but we have reason to think, that the English journals just now receive a more than ordinary degree of attention in foreign quarters, and it is our duty, by every means in our power, to counteract the pernicious expediencies which are practised by some of them, and which, besides dishonouring the character of the press, would bring the commonest principles of the nation into contempt. The three first words will call up an indignant smile:—

"NORWEGIANS,—*Destined by nature* to an union with the Swedish nation, your fate was decided when the King of Denmark ceded to Sweden, by the peace of Kiel, his rights over Norway. The advantages which your old Sovereign derived from that peace are known to you. He obtained, immediately after its signature, the evacuation of the Duchies of Schlesvig and Holstein, the restoration of the fortresses of Gluckstadt and Fredericsort, an acknowledgment of the Sound duties, the giving up of more than 12 millions of contributions imposed on the Duchies, the renunciation of an equal sum for captures made during peace; a considerable sum in money, of which part has been paid; and finally, the promise of the cession of Pomerania, upon the surrender and occupation of the fortresses of Kongswinger, Frederickshall, Fredericksladt, and Aggerhuus."

The CROWN PRINCE, who, like his old master, has a fondness for scribbling as well as encroaching, and whom we grievously suspect, from the blundering arrogance of this paper, to have written it entirely with his own hand, would fain assume a calmness of tone in the outset; but his French impatience gets the better of him, and in the very first paragraph of conciliation he plainly tells his neighbours, that he wants their country because it lies conveniently for him, and that he has *bought* them of another person. "Destined by nature to an union with the Swedish nation." This is the very plea that NAPOLEON has so often set out with in his designs upon his neighbours. The Rhine was the natural boundary of France, —Holland was a natural part of the French empire, &c.— the cant is notorious, and has been the thing, of all others, that most excited the gall of his enemies. They would not allow the merits of such a plea to be entered into; they described it, and justly, as nothing but a cloak for any pretensions that an unneighbourly and selfish ambition chose to set up. *Now*, however, we suppose they will bear a little inquiry into the matter, as they advance it themselves; and what does it amount to? Let us grant that Norway is conveniently situated for incorporation with Sweden:—is it more so than some of BONAPARTE's neighbours were with *his* dominions? And if he

had no right to play the part of an earthly providence, and settle these things by the mere look of their fitness, how comes it that one of the very persons who helped to put him down for pretending it, has the face to make the pretension himself? Suppose a King of Norway, some day or other, were to make the same claim with regard to Sweden,—what would the Swedes say? "Destined by nature" is a dangerous phrase in the mouth of princes, especially if their own claims at home be of no very native cast. The Norwegians, at any rate, were not "destined by nature" to be ruled by a Frenchman; and if master BERNADOTTE does not take care, the Swedes may discover as much for themselves. How would he look, if the States General were to put into his hand a paper beginning with "Destined by nature to be ruled by a Swede?" As to the KING of DENMARK's rights over Norway, he never had any, in the proper sense of the word "rights," as translated by that spirit of liberty, of which the CROWN PRINCE has elsewhere talked; but setting that interpretation aside, where does the PRINCE find, that even a Sovereign like the KING of DENMARK has a right to cede the whole people against their will? Is it in the document by which FERDINAND ceded the "universal Spanish nation" to BONAPARTE? Certainly it is not in the rights of the late KING of SWEDEN, whom the Swedish people are understood to have turned out in order to make way for this advocate of regal proprietorship.

"These great sacrifices were made to Denmark, only because she promised that you would peaceably, and without opposition, acknowledge the authority of the King of Sweden; and you will appreciate them, on reading the treaties which united Sweden, Russia, England, Prussia, and Austria against the common enemy. Norwegians! if in this age those treaties could be eluded by civilized nations, good faith would no longer exist upon earth."

The great sacrifices made to Denmark are nothing in comparison with the sacrifice of another nation's independence, who chuses that it shall not be sacrificed. If Denmark, the Norwegians might say, promised you that we should tamely be transferred like cattle, we are sorry that she did not know us better; but we are indignant, that you, who have been fighting for the independence of nations, and who rose from nothing in the first instance by bravely opposing the pretensions of foreigners, should be the man to remind us of such a promise. You say we shall "appreciate" these sacrifices on reading the "treaties" which united five other nations "against the common enemy." Do you think then that millions of men wait to read the treaties that foreign nations may chuse to enter into, before they make up their minds about resisting invasion? Those treaties are accounted by all impartial minds in Europe to be lamentable episodes in the great cause you mention. And pray take care how you talk of "the common enemy." If by common enemy you mean a man who would have put the five nations down in the mere ordinary way of enmity, we allow the propriety of the appellation; but if by common enemy, you mean, as you have heretofore given out, the enemy of those common principles of right by which nations preserve and guarantee their independence, then by your own present proceedings he was no more a common enemy with regard to us than you are; and if you do not go on better than you have commenced in your character of a neighbour, the rest of your treaty-makers will ere long perhaps think on that point as we do. You say that "if in this age, such treaties could be eluded by civilized nations, good faith could no longer exist upon earth." If other nations chuse to hamper themselves with treaties humiliating to themselves and cruel to us, certainly that is no argument why *we* should respect them;—but pray where is this good faith that has hitherto been so pertinacious an inhabitant of the earth? Have the treaties of the last twenty years always made a point of keeping her? We do not ask the question in order to undervalue the sacredness of oaths and treaties, but merely to inquire into the full merits of your devotional horror on this occasion;—and by the way, before we conclude on this point,—where is your own oath to the French Republic?

"At the period when your Government furnished to France some thousands of seamen to man ships of war, Sweden perceived the indispensable necessity of rendering herself independent of the Continent; she refused to bow before the idol of the day, and confidently relying on herself, and on her constitutional laws, she dared to invoke them in favour of her children, and rejected the demand of an equal number of seamen: she did more, she united herself, at a period the most critical recorded in our annals, with a monarch whose destruction NAPOLEON had sworn. She feels proud, however, in having anticipated the resolution of so many other nations."

Norwegians.—We are sorry our Government ever furnished any ambitious man with a help towards his encroachments;—we are determined to acquiesce in nothing more of the kind; and for that reason, as Sweden refused very properly to bow before "the idol of the day," so we refuse, with still greater propriety, to bow before a chip of it. You are only hampering yourself with the rest of your argument, as people always do when they think to bring the recollection of their right actions in aid of their wrong ones. If Sweden could fight for herself and her children, and refuse the dictation of a foreign Prince, so can Norway; and Sweden, with the recollection of that resistance upon her, ought to be afraid as well as ashamed of imitating what she resented.

"Norwegians! small states are always moved by the more powerful: you cannot form an insulated Government; and the plan of the man who misleads you is to unite one day the Crown of Norway to that of Denmark; but nature, in accordance with sound policy, wills that the Norwegians and the Swedes should be friends and brothers. It is also as brothers that the Swedes wish to live with you. Sweden and Norway united, and lending each other mutual support, will present on every side an impregnable front. Insulated and disunited, they will have every thing to fear both from themselves and from others. Look at England,—that island, so famous, founded her prosperity on a similar union. That of Norway to Sweden is guaranteed by the first powers of the world."

Norwegians.—For the answer to your axiom, that "small States are always moved by the more powerful," we refer you as before to the case of Holland, and to the new Sovereign of the Netherlands, whom you have just been assisting to create in the neighbourhood of France. But who tells you that we "cannot form an insulated government?" We have natural resources, a long extent of coast, and a population, whose arm, if we must remind you of it, Sweden has often felt to her cost, though hitherto she has never been able to do any thing to us. Your recommendation of your own brotherly intentions, and denouncement of those of other people, are parts of proclamation trickery. Your old master has exhausted the cant before you. As to England and Scotland, they slided quietly together into one Government by means of the inheritances that were united in the person of one Prince, and were not forcibly subjugated or *cuttled* over, the one to the other. The case is not an atom in point; and

you contradict it yourself by adding the conscious memorandum about the guarantees of your Allies.

"An experience of many centuries proves that the divisions of the North always led to its ruin. This idea had struck the great Gustavus. After having laid the foundation of the peace of Europe, and consolidated the Protestant faith, his plan was to effect your union with Sweden; death put an end to his design. Its consequences have been pernicious to you."

Norwegians.—Bonaparte again. *He* was always talking about divisions, and ruin, and the peace of Europe,—all of which meant his own will and aggrandizement. If you are so alarmed at divisions in the North, why do you begin them? We remember the "great Gustavus," who used to commence the work of cutting up his fellow-creatures with singing a hymn. His plan would prove nothing to us, except that he partook of the nature of most conquerors,—and that for his particular purpose, and in spite of his hymn, he could forget the christian declaration against "doing evil that good may come." But it proves still less, if possible; for as far as he attempted it, he failed; he invaded us with an army, as you may do, and every man of it perished. And now that you have reminded us of Gustavus, we will remind you of two of his successors, who attempted, as you may do, to follow up his plan, and who failed likewise. The first was Charles the Tenth, who in three successive years attacked us three several times, and sustained three signal defeats:—the second was Charles the Twelfth, who attacked us two successive years, and lost his life in the attempt.* You have read of the nine thousand five hundred men whom he left behind him, killed and withered up like parchment by the force of our climate. Your former master has lately brought a similar catastrophe on the brave people whom he abused for his ambitious purposes. You are about to commence your campaign; the winter is not far distant; take care that your epitaph is not written in the Norwegian tongue.

"Norwegians! after the memorable battle of Leipsic, your interests must have told you, that your union with Sweden could alone constitute your happiness and establish your security. The Great Powers wish this union. All of them have recognised that it was time to put an end to the dissentions which must result from the separation of the two nations. Will you alone oppose the general will? Will you alone combat the Swedes and the Sovereigns who have guaranteed your union with us? Their glory, their interests, the sanctity of treaties, in fine, demand it's accomplishment."

Norwegians.—For *their glory* read *their shame*, for their *interests* their *expediency*, for the *sanctity of treaties* the *iniquity of conspiracies*. You ask us whether we alone will oppose the general will? Whether we alone will combat the Swedes and the Sovereigns who have guaranteed their union with us? What ridiculous questions! Did not your countrymen alone, when they were threatened with invasion, oppose the general will? Did not England alone fight the battles of Europe against Napoleon? Your Proclamation is getting very dull:—we hasten to finish it.

"I come in the midst of you, with the hope that you will treat as brothers that brave army which I lead back from a campaign as glorious as astonishing. Neither this army, nor that which has been for a year stationed on your frontiers, desire laurels which must be tinged with your blood. The Swedes are like you, Members of the Scandinavian family; and battles between the two nations are equally repugnant to nature, to reason, and to sound policy. Norwegians! suffer not yourselves to be heated by the instigations of the individuals who have only their personal interest in view. Sacrifice not the welfare of your country to the deceitful illusions which they present to you. Open your eyes to the dangers into which a criminal ambition is precipitating you. Sweden will not lay down her arms until she has effected an union necessary to her safety and repose. You may prevent the calamities of a war which can only be advantageous to your seducers. Look forward to the futurity which awaits you, and to the glory and prosperity which must ensue from an union of the two nations. Norwegians! reject, then, an influence and errors, equally unworthy of you; let the national will speak, and fix it's laws under the ægis of an enlightened and beneficent monarch! He offers you, with the removal of every semblance of war, independence, liberty, and the guarantee of all your privileges. Your fidelity shall be the pledge; his virtues shall be your securities."

Norwegians.—Thank Heaven we have concluded your paper, which is as absurd as it is common-place. Every Prince who has come to shed the blood of his neighbours for purposes of ambition has talked in the same way about liberty and privileges, and all the world but treaty-makers have agreed to despise it. You have roused us with your designs; you have disgusted us with the mixed hypocrisy and shamelessness of the language in which you clothe them; and between the two feelings, we trust you will find yourself, when you come here, no better situated, than the invaders who have been before you.

Such is the Proclamation of this champion of European liberties; and such the comment it must meet with from the heart of every honest Norwegian. Had Bonaparte been in a condition to put forth such a paper, the whole of the daily press would have joined us in consigning it to execration; the *Times* in particular, would have been ready to burst with indignant virtue, and have talked of "wretches," "monsters," and "fire-eyed fury:"—yet in coming from Bernadotte instead of Bonaparte, hear in what milky and considerate terms it is mentioned by that principled journal:—

"The Gottenburgh mail has conveyed to us a document of *some* interest. It is the Proclamation of the Prince Royal of Sweden to the Norwegians. *This address certainly speaks the language of reason and good sense*: but popular feeling is not always to be governed by these principles, and it is dreadful to be *obliged* to convince a whole nation *by harsher arguments*. Norway has been exchanged with Denmark for other considerations of great value: so far the Government ought to be satisfied; and the example of the Scottish union with England may certainly prove, that the general interests of two States, so contiguously situated, is best consulted by their political union. The only object to be farther attended to, is the time when this can be effected with least offence to the national *prejudices* of either."

This is the way in which all principles and common honesty are brought into contempt, and which leads to that fatal delusion among the ordinary run of politicians,—that as every body is hollow and unprincipled alike, there is nothing to do but to play the same game of expediency, every one for himself. Yet these are the writers who think themselves entitled to use the language of high political principle, whenever it suits them, and to join in denouncing a man who perhaps would not have been the hollow-hearted tyrant he was, if he had not been wrought into the same delusion by writers of a similar stamp. Bonaparte has been accused of having a contempt for mankind; and probably, as he thinks himself possessed of as many virtues as most people, he may. Such writers, at any rate, he may reasonably despise; and if he has ever seen the previous

* See a most conclusive article on the subject of Norway, in the Number just published of the *Edinburgh Review*.

numbers of the *Times*, we cannot conceive any thing bitterer than the smile with which he might regard this paragraph, if it should happen to reach him in Elba.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, JULY 30.—Yesterday his Majesty, seated and uncovered, received in the Hall of the Throne a Deputation of the Chamber of Peers, the Members of which were conducted to the audience by the Grand Master, the Master and the Aides of the Ceremonies.—The Chancellor of France, who was President of this deputation, read the Address of the Chamber, in which the Peers thanked the King for the report he had communicated on the situation of the kingdom, and agreed with the Ministers that a great part of the evils which afflicted France had their origin in the despotism of the late Government, in its ungovernable passion for war—in its contempt of the constitution, &c. The Address then refers to the resources of France, which the measures of the last Government had not been able entirely to extinguish, expresses a gratitude to the King for his measures, applauds the constitution, which is called the strength of the King and the people, and concludes by declaring that the revolution which the nation has undergone, has not altered its character.

It is said in some circles that a certain personage, who has already made too much noise in the world, has escaped from the island of Barataria. There is no truth in this report. The Governor of Barataria is too much occupied with the organization of his States to think of quitting them. We are assured, that in order to make up for the smallness of his possessions, and to procure the satisfaction of contemplating a great and vast empire, and peopled with a great number of subjects, he has constructed a great quantity of multiplying glasses and microscopes of immense powers.—Every morning he receives the great Functionaries of the State, such as the Curate, the Vicar, and the Schoolmaster. He frequently makes his army pass under review. He has Ministers, Masters of the Ceremonies, Chamberlains, and Pages. He holds a Court thrice a week. The Ladies of the Island appear at it in the most elegant attire; the taste of the Ladies of the High Bailiff and of the Town Clerk is particularly fine. As the little Gentleman is fond of a numerous population, he has recently ordered a hundred marriages. To conclude, he is embellishing the island as well as he can: an old cow-house has been converted into a country palace, and they have new paved the streets of the capital.—*Journal de Paris.*

SPAIN.

DECREE FOR RE-ESTABLISHING THE INQUISITION.

MADRID, JULY 25.—The King has just issued the following Decree:—

"The glorious title of *Catholic*, which distinguishes us from among all other Christian Princes, is owing to the perseverance of the Kings of Spain, who would never tolerate in their States any other Religion than the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. This title imposes upon me the duty to render myself worthy of it by all the means which Heaven has placed within my power. The late troubles, and the war which has desolated during six years every province in the kingdom; the long abode which has been made in Spain by troops of different sects, almost all of whom were infected with sentiments of hatred towards our religion, the disorder which has been the infallible result of this, and the inattention with which the affairs of our holy religion have been treated during this unfortunate period; all these circumstances united have laid the field open to wicked persons, who have never experienced any check; dangerous opinions have been introduced, and have taken root in our States by the same means as they are spread in other countries. Wishing then to remedy so grievous an evil, and to preserve among my subjects the holy religion of Jesus Christ, which they have always revered, and in which they have lived and always wish to live, either on account of the personal obligation of having no other imposed on the Princes who reign over them by the fundamental laws, which I have promised and sworn to observe, or because this religion is the most certain means of sparing my people from intestine dissentions, and ensuring to them that tranquillity of which they stand in need, I have judged it necessary, under the present circumstances, that the Tribunal of the Holy Office should resume its jurisdiction. Upon this subject, learned and virtuous Prelates, many respectable corporations and grave personages, ecclesiastics and seculars, have represented to me that Spain is indebted to this Tribunal for the good fortune of not having fallen, in the 16th century, into errors which have caused so many misfortunes among other nations; and that on the contrary, at that period, the sciences were here cultivated with distinction, and Spain produced a multitude of great men distinguished by their knowledge and their piety. It has further been represented to me, that the Oppressor of Europe has not neglected to employ, as an efficacious method of introducing the corruption and discord which supported so well his projects, the suppression of this Tribunal, under the vain pretext that it could exist no longer in consequence of the enlightened state of the present age, and that the pretended Cortes, general and extraordinary, under the same pretext, and under the favour of the Constitution, which they tumultuously decreed, abolished also the Holy Office, to the regret of the whole nation. For these causes, I have been earnestly supplicated to re-establish it in the exercise of its functions; and yielding to considerations so just, and to the wish manifested by my people, whose zeal for the religion of our ancestors has anticipated my orders, by hastening to recal spontaneously the subaltern inquisitors of some provinces, I have, therefore, resolved, that from this moment the Supreme Council of the Inquisition, and the other Tribunals of the Holy Office, shall resume their authorities conformable to the concessions which have been made to them by the Sovereign Pontiffs, at the instance of my august predecessors, and by the Prelates of the Dioceses, and by the Kings who have assured to them the full exercise thereof, observing in this double jurisdiction, ecclesiastical and civil, the ordonnances which were in force in the year 1808, and the laws which have, on different occasions, been made for obviating certain abuses. But, as independent of these ancient laws it may be proper to add new ones on this subject, and my intention being to perfect that establishment in such manner as to render it eminently useful to my subjects, it is my desire that, as soon as the said Supreme Council of the Inquisition shall be assembled, that two of the Members who compose it, joined to two of the Members of the Council of Castile, both appointed by me, shall examine the forms and mode of proceeding of the Holy Office, in its processes, and with respect to the censure and prohibition of books; and if they find that the interests of my subjects, or the claims of sound justice, require any reform or change, they will make a report to me, supported by their observations, in order that I may take the necessary resolutions.

"*July* 21, 1814. "I, THE KING."

[This decree is countersigned by his Excellency Don Pedro Macanaz, whose grandfather passed the greater part of his life in prison, at the commencement of the last century, and died in exile, for having written against the Inquisition. We will make no observations on the subject of this measure taken by his Majesty. The first duty towards the Holy Office is consecrated by a national proverb which ordains absolute silence.]

number of small paper parachutes, with jubilee favours attached to them, bearing various inscriptions. When above the London docks the balloon appeared for a short time nearly stationary, and it was not until a quantity of ballast was thrown out that a quicker motion could be given to it. On passing over Deptford Mr. Sadler went through a cloud, which left behind it on the railing of the car, and on various parts of the balloon, a thick moisture, which soon became frozen; and Mr. Sadler, for a short time, felt the cold as intense as in winter. Immediately over Woolwich, the string which fastened the net, as was apprehended, suddenly broke, and the main body of the balloon was forced quickly through the aperture, nearly 18 feet. Mr. Sadler, to prevent the danger which threatened him, caught the pipe at the bottom of the balloon, and by hanging on it and the valve line, he prevented the balloon from further escaping. The valve, which had for some time resisted every attempt to open it, in consequence of being frozen, at this time gave way, and suffered the gas to escape. A sudden shift of wind, whilst the balloon was apparently falling into the middle of the Thames at Sea Reach, carried it about 100 yards over the marshes on the Essex side, when the aeronaut seized the opportunity of making a gash in the balloon with his knife, which the wind considerably widened, and occasioned the escape of the gas in great quantities. Mr. Sadler's descent on this account was rather more precipitate and violent than he could have wished. He landed, however, in Mucking Marshes, sixteen miles below Gravesend, on the Essex coast, without sustaining any other injury than a slight sprain, in about 40 minutes after his departure from the Park. A fisherman of the name of Mansbride, fearing that the balloon might fall into the Thames, followed its course as nearly as he could with his boat, to afford any assistance in his power; Mr. S. with his balloon, was conveyed by him to Gravesend, from whence he took a post-chaise and four to town, and he arrived at Buckingham-House at half-past three on Tuesday morning.

ON MR. KEAN'S IAGO.—[Concluded.]

The general groundwork of the character of *Iago*, as it appears to us, is not absolute malignity, but a want of moral principle, or an indifference to the real consequences of the actions, which the meddling perversity of his disposition and love of immediate excitement lead him to commit. He is an amateur of tragedy in real life; and instead of exercising his ingenuity on imaginary characters, or forgotten incidents, he takes the bolder and more desperate course of getting up his plot at home, casts the principal parts among his nearest friends and connections, and rehearses it in downright earnest, with steady nerves and unabated resolution. The character is a complete abstraction of the intellectual from the moral being; or, in other words, consists in an absorption of every common feeling in the virulence of his understanding, the deliberate wilfulness of his purposes, and in his restless, untameable love of mischievous contrivance. We proceed to quote some particular passages in support of our hypothesis.

In the general dialogue and reflections, which are an accompaniment to the progress of the catastrophe, there is a constant overflowing of gall and bitterness. The acuteness of his malice fastens upon every thing alike, and pursues the most distant analogies of evil with a provoking sagacity. He by no means forms an exception to his own rule:—

"Who has that breast so pure,
"But some uncleanly apprehensions
"Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
"With meditations lawful?"

His mirth is not natural and cheerful, but forced and extravagant, partaking of the intense activity of mind and cynical contempt of others in which it originates. *Iago* is not, like *Candide*, a believer in optimism, but seems to have a thorough hatred or distrust of every thing of the kind, and to dwell with gloating satisfaction on whatever can interrupt the enjoyment of others, and gratify his moody irritability. One of his most characteristic speeches is that immediately after the marriage of *Othello*:—

"*Roderigo.* What a full fortune does the thick lips owe,
"If he can carry her thus?
"*Iago.* Call up her father;
"Rouse him [*Othello*], make after him, poison his delight,
"Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen,
"And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
"Plague him with flies: Tho' that his joy be joy,
"Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
"As it may lose some colour."

The pertinacious logical following up of his favourite principle in this passage is admirable. In the next, his imagination runs riot in the mischief he is plotting, and breaks out into the wildness and impetuosity of real enthusiasm:—

"*Roderigo.* Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.
"*Iago.* Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell,
"As when, by night and negligence, the fire
"Is spied in populous cities."

There is nothing here of the trim levity and epigrammatic conciseness of Mr. KEAN's manner of acting the part; which, we affirm, is no less paradoxical than Mrs. GREVILLE's *Ode to Indifference*. *Iago* was a man of genius, and not a *petit maitre*. One of his most frequent topics, on which he is rich indeed, and in descanting on which his spleen serves him for a muse, is the disproportionate match between *Desdemona* and the Moor. This is brought forward in the first scene, and is never lost sight of afterwards.

"*Brabantio.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?
"*Iago.* Sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown:
"Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul:
"Arise, arise,
"Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
"Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
"Arise, I say."—[And so on to the end of the passage.]

Now, all this goes on springs well oiled: Mr. KEAN's mode of giving the passage had the tightness of a drumhead, and was muffled (perhaps purposely so) into the bargain.

This is a clue to the character of the lady which *Iago* is not at all ready to part with. He recurs to it again in the second act, when in answer to his insinuations against *Desdemona*, *Roderigo* says,—

"I cannot believe that in her,—she's full of most bless'd conditions.
"*Iago.* Bless'd fig's end. The wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been bless'd, she would never have loved the Moor."

And again with still more effect and spirit afterwards, when he takes advantage of this very suggestion arising in *Othello's* own breast:—

"*Othello.* And yet how nature erring from itself—
"*Iago* Aye, there's the point;—as, to be bold with you,
"Not to affect many proposed matches
"Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
"Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:
"Foh! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
"Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural."

This is probing to the quick. "Our Ancient" here turns the character of poor *Desdemona*, as it were, inside out. It is certain that nothing but the genius of

Shakespeare could have preserved the entire interest and delicacy of the part, and have even drawn an additional elegance and dignity from the peculiar circumstances, in which she is placed. The character has always had the greatest charm for minds of the finest sensibility.

For our own part, we are a little of *Iago's* council in this matter; and all circumstances considered, and Platonics out of the question, if we were to cast the complexion of *Desdemona* physiognomically, we should say that she had a very fair skin and very light auburn hair, inclining to yellow! We at the same time give her infinite credit for purity and delicacy of sentiment; but it so happens that purity and grossness

"——————— nearly are allied,
"And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Yet the reverse does not hold; so uncertain and undefinable a thing is morality. It is no wonder that *Iago* had some contempt for it, "who knew all quantities of human dealings, with a learned spirit *." There is considerable gaiety and ease in his dialogue with *Emilia* and *Desdemona* on their landing. It is then holiday time with him; but yet the general satire will be acknowledged (at least by one half of our readers) to be biting enough, and his idea of his own character is finely expressed in what he says to *Desdemona*, when she asks him how he would praise her—

"Oh gentle lady, do not put me to it,
"For I am nothing, if not critical."

Mr. Kean's execution of this part we thought admirable; but he was quite as much at his ease in every other part of the play, which was done (we know not why) in a single key.

The habitual licentiousness of *Iago's* conversation is not to be traced to the pleasure he takes in gross or lascivious images, but to a desire of finding out the worst side of every thing, and of proving himself an over-match for appearances. He has none of "the milk of human kindness" in his composition. His imagination refuses every thing that has not a strong infusion of the most unpalateable ingredients, and his moral constitution digests only poisons. Virtue, or goodness, or whatever has the least "relish of salvation in it," is, to his depraved appetite, sickly and insipid; and he even resents the good opinion entertained of his own integrity, as if it were an affront cast on the masculine sense and spirit of his character. Thus at the meeting between *Othello* and *Desdemona*, he exclaims—"Oh, you are well turned now: but I'll set down the pegs that make this music, *as honest as I am*"—deriving an indirect triumph over the want of penetration in others from the consciousness of his own villainy.

In most of the passages which we have hitherto quoted, *Iago* gives a loose to his passion for theoretical evil: in the scenes with *Othello*, where he has to put his theory in practice, with great risk to himself, and with dreadful consequences to others, he is proportionably guarded, insidious, dark and deliberate. In the very first scene with *Othello*, he takes a very different tone;—that tone of hypocritical virtue and affected delicacy, which always betrays the want of the reality.

"*Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants.*

"*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
"Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience,
"To do no contriv'd murder. I lack iniquity
"Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
"I thought to have jerk'd him here under the ribs.
"*Othello.* 'Tis better as it is.
"*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,
"And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
"Against your honour, that with the little godliness I have
"I did full hard forbear him."

Now we conceive that this speech, watered with a few tears, ought to be spoken with the tremulous, weighty suspence of a Lord Chancellor, at Hawk and Buzzard between his conscience and his interest. Mr. Kean did it as indifferently as an attorney's clerk. There was nothing extra-official in his manner. But the part in which, according to our conception, Mr. Kean failed most, was in the third act with *Othello*, where "comes the tug of war." The following passage is, we think, decisive to our purpose:—

"*Iago.* My noble lord.
"*Othello.* What dost thou say, *Iago?*
"*Iago.* Did *Michael Cassio*,
"When you woo'd my lady, know of your love?
"*Othello.* He did from first to last.
"Why dost thou ask?
"*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought,
"No further harm.
"*Othello.* Why of thy thought, *Iago?*
"*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with it.
"*Othello.* O yes, and went between us very oft—
"*Iago.* Indeed!
"*Othello.* Indeed! Ay, Indeed. Discern'st thou ought of
"that?
"Is he not honest?
"*Iago.* Honest, my Lord?
"*Othello.* Honest? Ay, honest?
"*Iago.* My Lord, for ought I know.
"*Othello.* What dost thou think?
"*Iago.* Think, my Lord!
"*Othello.* Think, my Lord! Alas, thou echo'st me,
"As if there were some monster in thy thought
"Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
"I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that,—
"When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?
"And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
"Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, indeed!
"And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
"As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
"Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
"Shew me thy thought.
"*Iago.* My Lord, you know I love you.
"*Othello.* I think thou dost;
"And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

* If *Desdemona* really "saw her husband's visage in his mind," or fell in love with the abstract idea of "his virtues and his valiant parts," she was the only woman on record, either before or since, who ever did so. Shakespeare's want of penetration in supposing that those are the sort of things that gain the affections, might perhaps have drawn a smile from the ladies, if honest *Iago* had not checked it by suggesting a different explanation. It should seem by this, as if the rankness and gross impropriety of the personal connection, the difference in age, features, colour, constitution, instead of being the obstacle, had been the motive of the refinement of her choice, and had, by beginning at the wrong end, subdued her to the amiable qualities of her lord. *Iago* is indeed a most learned and irrefragable doctor on the subject of love, which he defines to be "merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will." The idea that love has its source in moral or intellectual excellence, in good nature or good sense, or has any connection with sentiment or refinement of any kind, is one of those preposterous and wilful errors, which ought to be extirpated for the sake of those few persons who alone are likely to suffer by it, whose romantic generosity and delicacy ought not to be sacrificed to the baseness of their nature, but who treading secure the flowery path, marked out for them by poets and moralists, the licensed artificers of fraud and lies, are dashed to pieces down the precipice, and perish without help.

" And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
" Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
" For such things in a false disloyal knave,
" Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
" They're cold dilations working from the heart,
" Which passion cannot rule."

Now if there is any thing of superficial gaiety or heedlessness in this, "it is not written in the hond:"—the breaks and stops, the pursing and knitting of the brow together, the deep internal working of hypocrisy under the mask of love and honesty, escaped us on the stage.—The same observation applies to what he says afterwards of himself:—

" Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
" (As I confess it is my nature's plague
" To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
" Shapes faults that are not)."

The candour of this confession would hardly be extorted from him, if it did not correspond with the moody dissatisfaction, and suspicious, creeping, cat-like watchfulness of his general appearance. The anxious suspence, the deep artifice, the collected earnestness, and, if we may say so, the *passion* of hypocrisy, are decidedly marked in every line of the whole scene, and are worked up to a sort of paroxysm afterwards, in that inimitably characteristic apostrophe:—

" O Grace! O Heaven forgive me!
" Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense?
" God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool
" That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice!
" Oh monstrous world! take note, take note, O world!
" To be direct and honest, is not safe.
" I thank you for this profit, and from hence
" I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence."

This burst of hypocritical indignation might well have called forth all Mr. KEAN's powers, but it did not. We might multiply passages of the same kind; if we had time.

The philosophy of the character is strikingly unfolded in the part where *Iago* gets the handkerchief:—

———— " This may do something.
" The Moor already changes with my poisons,
" Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
" But with a little act upon the blood,
" Burn like the mines of sulphur."

We here find him watching the success of his experiment, with the sanguine anticipation of an alchemist at the moment of projection.

———— " I did say so:
" Look where he comes"—[*Enter Othello.*]—" Not poppy
" nor mandragora,
" Nor all the drowsy syraps of the world,
" Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
" Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Again he says:—

———— " Work on:
" My medicine works; thus credulous fools are caught,
" And many worthy and chaste dames even thus
" All guiltless meet reproach."

So that after all he would persuade us that his object is only to give an instructive example of the injustice that prevails in the world.

If he is bad enough when he has business on his hands, he is still worse when his purposes are suspended, and he has only to reflect on the misery he has occasioned. His indifference when *Othello* falls in a trance is perfectly diabolical, but perfectly in character:—

" *Iago.* How is it General? Have you not hurt your head?
" *Othello.* Dost thou mock me?
" *Iago.* I mock you not, by Heaven," &c.

The callous levity which Mr. KEAN seems to consider as belonging to the character in general, is proper here, because *Iago* has no feelings connected with humanity; but he has other feelings and other passions of his own, which are not to be trifled with.

We do not, however, approve of Mr. KEAN's pointing to the dead bodies after the catastrophe. It is not in the character of the part, which consists in the love of mischief, not as an end but as a means, and when that end is attained, though he may feel no remorse, he would feel no triumph. Besides, it is not the text of SHAKESPEARE. *Iago* does not point to the bed, but *Ludovico* bids him look at it:—"Look on the tragic loading of this bed," &c.

We have already noticed that *Edmund* the Bastard is like an episode of the same character, placed in less difficult circumstances. *Zanga* is a vulgar caricature of it. *

NAVAL PROMOTION.

TO LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE.

My Lord,—Public report has intimated that another Naval Promotion is about to take place. This measure will not surprise the nation, if any reference be had to the brevets of the Army, where we find not many less than eight hundred Generals to the smallest Army in Europe,—speaking of this country as the first in rank of European powers,—and but two hundred and thirty Admirals to a Navy, which not only gives this state her scale amidst nations, but more than equals all the navies of the globe put together.

Be this as it may, you, my Lord, as first Commissioner of the Admiralty, and protector of the naval service, should have followed the example set you in the brevet of the Army. Although in many instances their half-pay arises from the act of the individual himself, none were overlooked. In the respective standing of the officers of the same rank in both services, those of the Navy, generally speaking, being not less than ten years longer on their list, than officers of a similar degree in the Army, still the promotion proceeded, without invidious distinctions, to the immense number above mentioned. Following such an example, your patronage (*distinct from any other Minister*), makes your exertion in the cause of a profession, at the head of which you have the honour to be placed, *always popular*. Then why are we to view your Lordship as impeding a liberality which the nation justifies?

Without entering into the comparative merit of the two services, let me ask your Lordship,—as brevet rank gives the Generals, not provided with regiments, governments, places at court, commanderies, forts, garrisons, &c. the same half-pay as Admirals, and as the half-pay forms no bar in the promotion by brevet, why a naval officer should be passed over? Shall I state it, or will it be believed, until it is vouched at the bar of the House of Commons, that a rule has been made at the Admiralty, *that no officer, not having commanded a line-of-battle ship during a stated period, shall be promoted*, although in vain he urges he has made repeated, urgent, and personal application for a ship;

* It is proper to observe, for the sake of consistency, that this, and the former article on the same subject, were not written by the ingenious and able Critic who contributes the general Theatrical Article to this Paper.

has beset the Admiralty; has told his story of services once to every First Lord (it being ruled that a second interview should never be admitted); has sent up his name many times; has been with numbers marched, by the word of command of an Admiralty waiter, from the Captain's room across the Admiralty yard, to a more favoured one in the First Lord's house, only to view his *rejected addresses*, when the list of rejections comes down; and failing here, has had even recourse to the Private Secretary, and brooked insolence, at second hand, from this official retainer.—No, nothing will do; his want of interest becomes a fault, and, like the sentence of a court-martial, deprives him of his rank.

Every one connected with the service knows the patience, the sufferings, the privations, even of the most favoured individual, in the outset of our profession: this in itself is a strong claim to future reward and remuneration, even unsupported by those brilliant opportunities, which, like prizes in the lottery, fall to the lot of few: then picture to yourself, my Lord, a young gentleman, fostered in his father's house, sent to sea at an early period, an inmate of the cockpit for 6, 8, or perhaps 10 years; his father no borough-monger or retainer to any Ministry: a storming or boarding match (if he be so fortunate as to be admitted of the party), places him on the Lieutenants' list. So far so good;—a Lieutenant he is, and may remain so, with good behaviour, while he lives. Again, this gentleman is fortunate; his reputation as an officer makes it the interest of some Captain of influence to have him appointed his First Lieutenant in a cruizing frigate; an action ensues; behold him a Commander; here he rests; and the services of a meritorious officer are lost to the country for some years; or if by chance his fame or fortune should outlive his retirement, he may, by lottery again, get appointed to a sloop,—when, as he cannot rise by brevet from this rank, as in the Army, he may remain for 5, 6, 7, or 10 years, until some great man's son, just promoted, may want his sloop,—and then, not knowing how else to dismiss him, he becomes Post; and a post he is, according to the present administration of the Navy, to all intents and purposes, and one of the most durable kind, never to be moved higher; for the old ideas which first induced any gentleman to enter into this service, of rising to the head of his profession, are done away. Taking Post now, is not taking place, as it was originally meant, for your Flag. Thus an efficient individual, whose merits alone, as appears by the above recital, could have raised him so far, becomes an incumbrance to a country he is no longer permitted to serve,—and to himself, by withdrawing him from a profession his early ideas and habits had endeared to him;—a few years make his person unknown in it; his services disregarded or forgotten; his superiors, who knew and valued him, in the lapse of 18 or 20 years, dead; and when it comes to his turn for his Flag, he is gravely told, "We admit you have made frequent and urgent offers of service; we admit you are able and willing *now* to serve; we admit your character is irreproachable; but we cannot promote you, *as we have made a rule, that none who had not interest with us or our predecessors to be employed before, shall be promoted now*, and of course you must be passed over."

This, my Lord, is no visionary case; this can and will be proved at the bar of either House of Parliament; and this will, I venture to say, interest the feeling, the character, the honour, and even the gratitude, of Englishmen.—Formerly, when brevet carried no pay in the Army, our claims were resisted on the plea of expence; but when that relative distinction is lost by the late arrangement, what can you say to an old officer, such as I have described, for passing him over? Surely, at the present crisis, you could not gravely advise your Prince, for the consideration of a few shillings expence per day, which would probably exist but for a short time (officers of the description alluded to not being very young men), to pass over the claims a few old officers may have on the justice of the nation, when the expence of the toys on the Serpentine River (likely to become the prototype of the British Navy, if such injustice is persevered in), would more than equal such expenditure, if every officer, hitherto passed over, had received his regular flag, in conformity to his rank, his services, and, I will be bold to say, the wishes of his country. It may be urged, in thus drawing a parallel between the Navy and Army, relative to the national remuneration, that the latter purchased their commissions; but ours, it seems, are not to be got for either love or money.—But will any man tell me, that 6, 8, or perhaps 10 years in the cockpit of a man of war, is no price for a commission? However an officer of the Army may suffer in a campaign, a sea officer is always on service, always enduring privations, and always exposed, if not to the dangers of the enemy, to those of the seas, very often infinitely more calamitous, and always more irksome.—This, my Lord, is stating the case of an officer passed over at a period of life, ability, and constitution, which enable him to undertake the most active duties of his profession. Rather less will your Lordship have to plead in justification, when you overlook the infirm, the worn-out, but still spirited veteran, whose prime of life has been spent in acquiring that rank and honours you now ungratefully deprive him of, and embitter his decline of life by such injury and neglect. And for what purpose is this withholding a trifling expence, which is, from the nature of things, so little liable to long duration? At present, the contrast of this economy with the enormous though futile expences of the day, would be too invidious. The promotion now talked of, or the next promotion of flags, will evince to the Nation and to the Navy, as brevet rank now gives its consequent half-pay to Generals, why the Navy alone, as a public service, must exclusively be placed at the foot of a Minister:—why a deserving officer (which his rank of Post, without interest, is no mean proof of), is to be passed over, in conformity to regulation which the unfortunate individual could not controul, viz. that of commanding a ship when he was without interest to get one, notwithstanding his irreproachable conduct, willingness, and ability to serve:—and whether the Admiralty should be obliged to give better reasons to the service and the country, than merely want of interest in the individual, for advising their Prince to inflict a sentence, often adopted by courts-martial as a punishment, that of remaining on the half-pay list without a prospect of either compensation or employment?—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

A HALF-PAY OFFICER.

LAW SUITS.

MR. EXAMINER,—The equality and justice of the English law has been a never failing object of panygeric, and certainly as far as its theory goes, I have, *in general*, no objection to join in its praise; but however beautiful that

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

ASSIZES.

STAFFORD, AUG. 2.—*Thomas Bryan* was charged with the wilful murder of his wife Mary, at Bilston.—It appeared in evidence that Bryan had been drinking a good deal previously to the catastrophe. After supper, he was playing with his wife, apparently in very good humour. Mrs. Bryan then went out into the street, and was shortly after followed by Bryan. On their return, Bryan coming in first, he seemed much agitated, and said, "Thee beest come, beest?" She answered smiling, "Aye, lad, I'm come."—He then said loudly, "Aye, I'll be with you in a minute." He then staggered towards the chimney, as if going for something. The wife and the husband met, and a scuffle ensued. The witness who described this still believed they were playing, till he heard the woman scream three times. He then pulled Bryan to a chair, and at this time saw blood coming apparently from Mrs. Bryan's feet, and a huge carving knife in her hand, which he had not seen before. Mrs. Bryan threw her arms round the neck of Mrs. Whitehouse, (who had rushed in on hearing the screams), exclaiming, "Oh dear, oh dear!" and they both fell to the ground. He then went for a Doctor. After the accident, all Bryan's cry was, "Oh, my dear wench, what is done, what is done?"—The Surgeon described the wound in the thigh which caused her death. He asked Bryan what induced him to commit such an act? Bryan said, "Jealousy, Sir." The Surgeon said, he thought he had no cause for jealousy. Bryan said, "Oh, Sir, she's been with another man."—He gave these answers in a low tone, and though seemingly a little intoxicated, he appeared perfectly to understand the questions.—When called upon for his defence, all he said was, that he had nothing to say; he recollected nothing of it.—Upwards of 20 witnesses gave Bryan a good character for kindness to his wife.—The Jury found him guilty; but on the application of the Grand Jury, Mr. Baron RICHARDS, who had pronounced sentence of death upon him, respited its execution till the pleasure of the Regent should be known.

John Madew was also tried for the murder of his wife Elizabeth, at Belley. It appeared that they had been disputing, and he had struck her on the head with his crutch, which fractured the bone.—He appeared much agitated, and did not attempt to escape.—Many witnesses gave him a good character generally, but one said that he was rather passionate.—Verdict, Man-laughter. He was sentenced to 10 months imprisonment.

MAIDSTONE, AUG 3.—*Mr. Ralph*, Surgeon, of Malling, was indicted for an assault upon Mary Hodson (now Mary Knight, having since married a Surgeon at Kensington). The Lady, who was of a handsome face and figure, described the assault, which took place late in the evening of September 2, as Mr. Ralph was escorting her home through Skinner's-lane, Malling. He attempted to take very violent liberties with her, and she fainted. When she recovered, he made her promise not to tell any one; which she did: but becoming afterwards delirious, she mentioned it in her ravings.—Her husband, Mr. Knight, charged Mr. Ralph with his improper behaviour, when the latter consented to ask her pardon, and actually did so on his knees.—Several witnesses were called. One of them, John Bramley, a shoemaker, said he had driven the Lady from Malling to Tonbridge, and before they set out, they had a quartern of gin together, she drinking the first glass.—Another, Thos. Cornwall, detailed a number of familiarities he had taken with the lady in a walk he had with her. He had kissed her under Mr. Etherington's window, which Mr. E. proved, adding, that he saw him hugging her, and lifting her off her feet.—The Jury being satisfied, acquitted Mr. Ralph.

DEVON, AUG. 1.—*Henry Herring*, who, it will be recollected, was apprehended at Vauxhall Gardens, last summer, for picking the pocket of Lord Normanton, and of which offence he was afterwards convicted and sentenced to be transported, was tried for being at large in this kingdom before the term of that sentence was expired. It appeared that the prisoner had escaped from the hulks. He was convicted, and sentence of death was passed upon him.—A few days previous to the trial he had almost completed a subterraneous passage underneath the stairs of the cell in which he was confined, which would have placed him without side the walls of the prison, when he was detected by the gaoler; he had succeeded also at this time in cutting his irons almost asunder.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, Aug. 2, 1814.

Extract of a Letter from Capt. Malcolm, of his Majesty's ship Rhin, dated in the Mona Passage, the 5th of June, 1814:—

I have much pleasure in informing you, that at half past two A. M. Cape Engano, in the Mona Passage, bearing S. W. by W. 4. leagues, I captured, after an anxious and close chase of 11 hours, the American privateer schooner Decatur, commanded by Capt. Dominique Diron, the same who commanded her last year when she took his Majesty's schooner Dominica, Capt. Barette; she sailed from Charleston on the 30th of March, and had made no capture.—The Decatur is a beautiful vessel, and was only launched in April, 1813, coppered and copper fastened, 223 tons; she is well calculated in every respect for his Majesty's service.

BANKRUPTS.

W. Lewis, Llanhister, Radnorshire, farmer. Attorney Mr Rosser, Red Lion-square.

J. H. Spry, Bath, apothecary. Attornies, Messrs. Frowd and Ross, Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn.

J. P. Garvick, Southampton-row, Russell-square, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Montriou, Basinghall-street.

J. M. Pirman, Sun-street, Bishopsgate, tallow-chandler. Attornies, Messrs. Evitt and Rixon, Haydon-square.

W. Waters, Brecon, Breconshire, butcher. Attorney, Mr. Pewtriss, Gray's inn.

N. Birkinshaw, Outwoods, Derbyshire, timber-merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Lowes and Cowburn, Temple.

M. Taylor, Bristol, cooper. Attornies, Messrs. Whitcomb and King, Serjeant's inn.

A. W. Bellairs, Stamford, J. Bellairs, Derby, and G. Bellairs, Leicester, bankers. Attorney, Mr. Barbor, Fetter-lane.

B. Searight, Liverpool, merchant. Attorney, Mr. R. Greaves, Liverpool.

J. Stevens, Manchester, linen-draper. Attorney, Mr. Haxley, Temple.

W. Hurst, Portsea, biscuit-baker. Attorney, Mr. Willshen, Salisbury-street, Strand.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.

H. Bradley, Bury-court, St. Mary-Axe, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Pasmore, Warnford-court, Throgmorton street.

J. Rivett, New Kent-road, builder. Attorney, Mr. Hatton, Dean-street, Southwark.

W. Alston, Heybridge Hall, Essex, farmer. Attorney, Mr. Stevens, Hatton-garden.

W. and T. Hurst, Portsea, contractors. Attorney, Mr. Cruickshank, Gosport.

R. Neville, Stafford, cordwainer. Attorney, Mr. Parker, Stafford.

R. Cunliffe, Castleton, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer. Attorney, Mr. Elliott, Rochdale.

G. Cooper, Stockport, Chester, shopkeeper. Attorney, Mr. Baddeley, Stockport.

G. Suffolk, Stoke Golding, Leicester, hosier. Attornies, Messrs. Jervis, King, and Soden, Hinckley, Leicester.

T. Storey, Bishop-Wearmouth, ship-owner. Attorney, Mr. Laws, Sunderland.

G. Wilson, Great St. Helen's, broker. Attorney, Mr. Comerford, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street.

R. Heath, Holborn, paper-hanger. Attornies, Messrs. Bedford and Murray, Mitre-court buildings, Temple.

J. Emberton, Monkwell-street, trimming-manufacturer. Attorney, Mr. Davies, Lothbury.

The PARLIAMENTARY CRITICISM on Mr. WHITBREAD, on account of its length, was too late for insertion, but will certainly appear next Sunday.

Notices of various ENGRAVINGS, next week.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Cent. Red. ..... 67⅞ | Omnium .... 0⅛ pr.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, AUGUST 7.

THE chief news of the week is, that "the beloved FERDINAND" has filled up the measure of his gratitude to the people that saved him, by restoring the Inquisition! One of the reasons alleged,—and in the same grateful spirit—is that the two nations whose armies have lately been visiting the Peninsula, have been infecting it with a tendency to heresy. The Uncle of this delicious Prince is said to have declared him an ideot,—a report, which the Spanish Ambassador at Paris took so much pains the other day to contradict, in a letter to one of the French journalists, that both on that account as well as it's own merits, we think it extremely probable. We very much differ however from his Excellency in regarding the saying as a calumny; for if the nations who have helped to deliver his master from captivity, and now behold him re-fettering his subjects and insulting themselves, are not permitted to consider him as void of common sense, what is their alternative?—At present, it seems as if the people of Spain were acquiescing in this re-imposition of their old chains; but there are not wanting reports to the contrary; and though we never thought so much of their resistance to France on the late occasion as some did, it appears too hard upon them to conclude, as we see the *Chronicle* does, that they are not fit to receive a freer order of things. The mere fact of the successful restoration of this villainous Tribunal, though bad enough, Heaven knows, as a proof of what attempts the Spaniard will tolerate, argues no more, we think, at a time like the present, in favour of it's continuance, than the restoration of CHARLES the Second in this country did against the increase of those liberties which the Revolution had sown.

It is now fully understood that the Princess of WALES is about to leave the country on a visit to Germany,—but we are informed, *only* on a visit, or at least, that the stay is intended to be but temporary. If once however she is out of England, the world will very much suspect the reverse. What can have induced her ROYAL HIGHNESS to take this step, we cannot imagine, unless it is from pure weariness and vexation at the treatment she has experienced; and such indeed is said to be the reason assigned by herself in a letter to Lord LIVERPOOL. We can certainly imagine it to be very pleasant to a wounded spirit to go and set itself quietly down in the scenes of it's youth, far from the din and annoyance of a world that has disturbed it; but then, the PRINCESS leaves the chance of seeing her daughter;—she leaves a country which is allowed to understand the ordinary comforts of life better than any other, and which has sympathized most heartily with her treatment, whatever the Court, who are not a ten-thousandth part of it, may have done; she goes over to a country, where the recollections of state feelings and matters of etiquette are fearful things, and where the history of her exclusion from Court and from it's late visitors will have preceded her; and lastly, what must not be concealed, she raises in the minds of great numbers of people, who cannot see sufficient motives for her conduct, a suspicion that she is conscious of something wrong about her, which is yet to be found out. We should be sorry, after all our efforts of a different description, to be the means of hurting her ROYAL HIGHNESS's feelings; but we own that we cannot satisfy ourselves of the necessity or dignity of this step; and we understand that her ROYAL HIGHNESS's habitual advisers have experienced a similar difficulty, and protested against it in strong terms accordingly. Mr. CANNING is observed to have been much about her ROYAL HIGHNESS of late, and the valedictory epistle is by some suspected to have been of his suggestion,—so much so, that they think they have discovered in it the secret of his new honours. If so, his acceptance of the said honours is *a degree* less discreditable to his spirit than we supposed it; for we really fancied that Lord CASTLEREAGH had taken a delicate method of avenging himself on his old antagonist by heaping him with these second-rate glories.

We have noticed in our first article a paragraph from the *Times* newspaper, written in despicable vindication of the outrage on Norway:—we shall now, with still greater disgust if possible, condescend to do as much for another of a more insidious description, written to turn the outcry against the Slave Trade to a new species of account. The reader will recollect, on this occasion as well as the former, that this is the journal which was so loud and furious against suffering BONAPARTE's throne to exist another hour, lest he should proceed in his enormities against the human race. The paragraph is as follows:—

"The address of the county of Hertford was not such as it has been erroneously stated to be, full of complaints on account of the limited admission given to the revival of the Slave Trade by the treaty of peace; nor did the speeches of the *reputable* part of the meeting tend in any degree to criminate or blame Ministers on this head. The total abolition of the Slave Trade would be a very desirable event; but we are far from conceiving that it will be accelerated by the clamours which are raised on the subject in England. The direct contrary is the truth. We are of opinion that a reasonable degree of noise should have been raised about it, *and there the matter should have ceased*; but to what does this *outrageous ranting* lead, but to suspicion on the part of the French, as well as the other nations of Europe, that we should not make so much stir about the abolition of the Slave Trade, if we were not prompted by some secret and mercenary motive. *There are many other barbarities practised under the Sun, which neither occasion meetings, nor draw speeches from the "lean, unwashed artificers" of England.* The Slave Trade is a monstrous and horrible traffic; and Ministers, *in the sincerity of their detestation of it*, will *undoubtedly* do all in their power to procure its abolition at the ensuing Congress: but *if they fail in their endeavours, it will in a great degree be owing to the suspicions which have been created of their motives by the indiscreet zeal of their countrymen at home.* The people of France are beginning to view our resolutions against the Slave Trade with

the same eye of jealousy that they would cast on resolutions against trading in the productions of any of the provinces of France."

This is the first time we have heard, that a hearty and universal cry from such a nation as ours, in an age like the present, and for a purpose affecting the happiness of millions, was not to be raised on the ground of its own merits, and for every good and great purpose of policy,—and all out of consideration for what the single people of France, forsooth, may think of it! The Editor of the *Times*, who seems to have wearied himself out with bawling tragedy-quotations in the late contest, is a pleasant person to talk of "outrageous rant." There are "many barbarities" too, he tells us, which neither occasion meetings nor draw speeches from the "lean, unwashed artificers" of England;"—a pretty compliment truly to a people that value themselves on being both robust and cleanly. All this is the old cant of expediency against feelings, that interfere with it, and that make it doubly angry from their manliness and propriety. The attention of the people in this country *is* raised, and in some instances too with a promise of success, against other barbarities as well as this,—against some of the barbarities, for instance, of the criminal code,—against the barbarity of the cat-o-nine tails,—against the barbarity of attempting to starve and shoot an independent nation into subjection. But suppose that the case were otherwise:—does it follow that they must not attend to one barbarity, because there are ten others? Is not one tyrant to be put down, because there may be twenty elsewhere? The writer of the paragraph may, for aught we know, be both washed and fat; he is certainly no artificer,—at least, of logic;—but his politics seem rather dirty than otherwise, and we grievously suspect, from what he says of the sincere detestation of Ministers for the Slave Trade, that he would prove lean enough to slip into a snug place under Government. Does he think his readers have forgotten, that these very Ministers in Mr. Pitt's time were among the commonest opposers of the Abolition,—playing their master's game for him, while he pretended to stand aloof? But to explain himself in the next sentence: and the double secret of the whole paragraph, we have no doubt, is this,—First, a galled sensation at seeing the very different expectations indulged by the people of England from what their Minister at Paris realized,—and second, an artful attempt, in case the Minister is again foiled by M. Talleyrand, and the Abolition does not take place, to throw the odium of the failure on the people's shoulders. It is too gross, not to say traitorous to the national character; and those who expect to reap any benefit from such artifices, will find, we trust, that there are people always ready to unmask them.

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The Dutch Mail which arrived yesterday morning announces the intended recognition of the Prince of Orange as Sovereign of Belgium, which province has been already formally surrendered to the Sovereign of the Netherlands, by its late Governor.

French Papers of the 5th and 6th, which arrived yesterday, give the report of the Committee on the Liberty of the Press. The *Gazette de France* says, that the numbers for and against the report were nearly equal.

The China and Bengal Fleets have arrived off the Isle of Wight.

Finance.—By papers laid before Parliament, we have the following facts:—The Bank notes in circulation July 3, 1813, amounted to 23,314,890*l.*; on July 10, same year, to 24,991,430*l.*; in circulation 21 July, 1814, 26,804,308*l.*; and on the 9th July instant, 29,532,900*l.* The net produce of the revenue, including Customs and Excise, was for one year, ending the 5th July, 1813, 58,967,864*l.*; and for the year ending the 5th of July instant, 62,956,077*l.*

By the new Hackney-Coach Act, every driver must give to the person or persons who employ him, a ticket or tickets, marked 1*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* corresponding to the amount of the fare. These tickets must be produced, if complaint be made against him for extortion or misconduct. There are to be 200 hackney chariots, licensed to carry two passengers, and one servant outside; but these are not to be in addition to the present number of 1100, but inclusive.

The Slave Trade is so hideous in the eyes of an enlightened public, that proof demonstratively convinces us, when we state that 850 Petitions were presented to Parliament, signed by nearly one million of persons.

Friday, a Common Hall was held at Guildhall, for the election of Sheriff in the room of Richard Sanderson, Esq. who had paid his fine to be excused serving the same, when John Reay, Esq. was declared duly elected thereto.

If the audience at the Grand Concert for Mr. Herve's Benefit, which was to have taken place at the Pantheon, but which will be given to-morrow evening at the Opera-House, is proportioned to the disinterested merits of that Gentleman, the house will be crowded with the lovers of music, and the admirers of genuine philanthropy.

SONNET TO HAMPSTEAD.

II.

They tell me, when my tongue grows warm on thee,
Dear gentle hill, with tresses green and bright,
That thou art wanting in the finishing sight
Sweetest of all for summer eye to see:—
That whatsoe'er thy charm of tow'r and tree,
Of dell wrapp'd in, or airy-viewing height,
No water looks from out thy face with light,
Or waits upon thy walks refreshfully.

It may be so,—casual though pond and brook:—
Yet not to me so full of all that's fair,
Though fruit-embowr'd, with fingering sun between,
Were the divinest fount in Fancy's nook,
In which the Nymphs sit tying up their hair,
Their white backs glistening through the myrtles green.

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COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

THE JUBILEE.

Well, thanks to the Prince Regent, the great shows in the Parks are at length over, and the people may now pursue their various occupations without being interrupted by accounts of royal inventions to make them happy for six hours, and by the numberless jokes, good and bad, which have been unceasingly cracked upon the regal taste. Were it our fate to publish a paper in the imperial city of Pe kin, under the gracious permission of some magnificent Kien Long, "Great Father of his People, Sole Governor of the Earth, and Holy Son of Heaven,"—whose superior taste in latticed bridges, painted pagodas, and brilliant fire-works, even our illustrious Regent must acknowledge,—we should of course devote a large portion of our paper to details of the great doings of Monday last. But thinking as we do, that the great majority of our readers are quite tired of the subject, we shall spare them the trouble of a lengthened description, and merely make a summary of the chief occurrences.

From the official statements already given, our readers are in full possession of the sort of exhibitions with which the Prince Regent designed to reward the British nation for the great sacrifices it had made during the late war. It is therefore unnecessary to say, that they were not designed to exhibit

"Such sights as youthful poets dream
"On summer eves by haunted stream;"

but such as the public had long been used to the enjoyment of, at Sadler's Wells, at Vauxhall, and at that renowned annual Civic Fair, which St. Bartholomew has so long condescended to patronize. In this wise choice the Regent has shewn a sympathetic feeling for the unsophisticated delights of the lower orders, by planning for them a series of sights, chiefly adapted to the taste and comprehension of the meanest intellects.

Though the morning was wet, the rain subsided between 10 and 11, and the remainder of the day was highly favourable for all the festive proceedings. Countless thousands, from an early hour, were pouring into the three Parks. In Hyde Park there was a Grand Fair, with its innumerable booths, puppet-shows, menageries, and theatres, in the St. Bartholomew style, which amused the people till the more regular entertainments commenced. This was not till about eight in the evening, when the Sham Fight on the Serpentine took place. After a lively cannonade, which lasted a long time, some of the French ships, being dismasted and otherwise much disabled, struck their colours, having first, it seems, in vain attempted to run away: this was followed by a similar contest between two British and two American frigates, which, according to the established custom on such occasions, terminated in the utter discomfiture of the Republicans: and this naval exhibition, which was the Sadler's Wells part of the show, closed with the entire conflagration of the French fleet, and the display of a multitude of water rockets. The noise and confusion and *obscurity* of a sea fight were, it is said, very well represented; but the clouds of smoke prevented all observation of those skilful manœuvres, on which the success of a battle so often depends.—Such were the chief scenes in Hyde Park.

The Green-Park was deemed by some the most attractive spot, for here was the wooden Passage or Bridge from Buckingham-House into the Park, the Royal Booth, with its crimson drapery and illuminated front—and the spacious Eastern Temple, with its transparent paintings, figurative emblems, and innumerable coloured lamps, which poured forth a flood of light. About six o'clock, Mr. Sadler, jun. ascended in a balloon, which was visible a considerable time. As soon as it was dark, the display of fire-works commenced, when rockets, serpents, marroons, Roman candles, Catherine wheels, serpents, stars, flower-pots, and girandoles, succeeded each other in prodigious numbers, during which the Eastern Structure was changed from a fabric of war to an illuminated Temple of Concord.

St. James's Park, with the exception of the public walks, was confined to those who had purchased tickets. A Chinese Bridge, with a Pagoda on it, had been thrown over the Canal; the trees were hung with Chinese lanthorns (which are paper ornamented with fantastic devices), and variegated lamps, in all sorts of forms; and the whole place had the appearance of an enlarged Vauxhall*. Tents were pitched on the banks of the Canal, upon which a number of Thames wherries were floating. A boat race or two took place before the illuminations commenced, but till that time the people had nothing particular to amuse them. About ten, however, the Bridge and Pagoda being fully lighted up, the scene is described as combining "the elegant with the picturesque in the highest degree. It appeared a blazing edifice of golden fire. Every part of it was covered with lamps, the white lights with reflectors in proper places relieving the dazzling splendour with their silver lustre; the canopies of the temple throwing up their bright wheels and stars, the pillars enriched with radiance, every rising tower of the Pagoda pouring forth its fiery showers, and rockets springing from the lofty top with majestic flights, almost presuming to outrival the ancient inhabitants of the firmament. The effect of its vivid lights on the calm water which flowed beneath, the verdant foliage of the surrounding trees, the scattered tents, and the numerous assemblage of spectators on the lawn, might, without much of hyperbole, be called magical and enchanting."

Thus far every thing had gone on tolerably well: no serious accident had yet occurred, which, considering the immense crowds, was hardly to have been expected. But between twelve and one, near the expiration of the fire-works, the Pagoda exhibited an appearance that excited much dismay. Its upper towers seemed enveloped in flame; and it was soon learned that it had actually caught fire by some accident in the management of the machinery. The fire increased rapidly. Several engines were procured, and played upon it; but it continued burning till, in a short time, the five upper towers were destroyed or fell over the eastern side of the bridge; the lower ones were in a state little better, and some part of the substructure was much deteriorated. There was a kind of awful magnificence during the progress of the flames, that exceeded the former appearance of the edifice; but at last it presented only the melancholy remains of temporary splendour.—Some serious accidents, too, were occasioned by this conflagration. At the commencement of the fire, a lamplighter, who was employed at the top of the building, in attempting to throw himself into the water, fell upon the bridge and was killed by breaking his back: another man was also killed, and some others were seriously bruised.

The Prince Regent did not leave London on Monday, as it was given out he would. On the contrary, he was with the Queen and Princesses in Buckingham House, but is understood to have abstained from looking at what was going forward. Her Majesty, on this occasion, absolutely gave a sumptuous dinner to 300 persons of distinction.

The Hyde Park Fair, however, to the great injury of the morals of the lower classes, has been kept up ever since, and has been much increased. It is even said, that it will be continued till the 12th of August, in honour of the Regent's Birthday! It would be disgusting to describe the scenes which daily take place at this head-quarters of drunkenness and obscenity. All sorts of gambling abounds. There are E. O. tables, black and white cocks, dice tables, &c. &c. at which the unwary are plundered with impunity. And all this, we are gravely told by our Rulers, is designed to make the people happy!

Notwithstanding the favourable weather, in which Mr. Sadler, junior, ascended from St. James's Park, he encountered more danger than any recent aerial traveller whom we recollect. At twenty minutes past six, when the cords which held the balloon were ready to be cut, it was found that the fastening, which secures the network to the valve at the top of the balloon, had by some means been disengaged, and was held only by a single twice. Under these circumstances, the new aspirant to celestial excursions, Mrs. Henry Johnstone, was informed, that she could not possibly accompany Mr. Sadler in his voyage, without imminent danger to both. Mrs. Johnstone, still anxious to ascend, expressed her hope that means might yet be devised to admit of her doing so with safety. The Duke of Wellington, who conversed with Mrs. J. on the subject, undertook to ascertain the fact; and his Grace was so fully convinced of the danger, that he strongly recommended Mr. Sadler to decline his voyage altogether. This enterprising young aeronaut, however, feeling for the disappointment of the public, and for his own honour, was determined to go up, and he ascended about twenty-four minutes past six. Whilst the balloon was still hovering over the Park, he threw from the

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* Justice must however be done to the Vauxhall people, for, with the exception of the fire-works, the Park show was altogether inferior. The general effect is described as gloomy; the booths were inconvenient and shabby; and the charge for refreshments enormous. Fourteen shillings were extorted for a bottle of common wine, and other things were charged in the same way. So that what with the price of admission, and the cost when in, if the visitors enjoyed the promised "happiness," they were made to pay a tolerable price for it.

theory, it is wofully counterbalanced by much of its practice—in many cases by its proverbial uncertainty and its ruinous delay, and in all by its enormous expence. It is very true that in the *trifling* matter of a man's life neither of these inconveniences are much felt. His trial and condemnation will be very quick, and the expence not much; but when two individuals happen to fall out about a matter of a few pounds value, much time must be expended, and double the amount of the cause of litigation swallowed up in the discussion. The trite fable of the Arbitrator Lawyers dividing the oyster, by giving a shell to each of the competitors and himself gulping up the fish, is now a-days not quite correct; because at least the one half of the said oyster would now accrue to the revenue, under the shape of stamps. But I wander from my subject, to which aberration my pen too often leads me.

If the complaint of delay and expence be just with respect to proceedings at law, it is ten times more forcible in cases of equity; and two facts of this having just come under my eye in a newspaper, I am induced to trouble you with a few desultory observations.—Yesterday, a Lady of the name of Lee petitioned the House of Lords for redress in a Case where she had been for five and twenty years, by the proceedings of Chancery, kept out of the use of 10,000*l.* bequeathed to her: so much for the delay, now for the expence. In the Court of Chancery, on Tuesday last, in a case, Rowe *v.* Gudgeon, Sir Samuel Romilly, on the part of this *Gudgeon* defendant, moved a small deviation from the rule of Court, by which, if strictly adhered to, his client must put in an answer to the Bill, which would extend to NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND FOLIOS; the stamps of which alone would cost THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS. The Lord Chancellor is certainly, as a moral character, and as a legal character (I say nothing of him as a political character), a conscientious man, and he felt himself startled a little at this; but as precedent is the grand pillar of law, he directed a reference to the Master, observing, that if there should be any precedent of even 29,000*l.* being paid for taking the copy of an answer, it was time the Court should be shut up. His Lordship often feelingly regrets the misfortune and the inevitable ruin of those whose evil stars drive them to seek justice in the Court where he presides (I do not mean in cases of bankruptcy, for there feelings still more attractive predominate); and had the case I am quoting been the expence of only two or three thousand pounds, his Lordship would feelingly have regretted that from the strict rules of his Court he could give no redress; but here the enormity of the sum made his Lordship see the enormity of the injustice: and I have no doubt but he will find means (notwithstanding precedents) to prevent these unfortunate litigants from being overwhelmed by such an outrageous expence, even though that large sum is to go to support the best of all possible governments. But will my Lord Eldon, with all his conscientious feelings, come forward, not like a lawyer but like a man, to devise some means for alleviating the expence of law suits?—No. Or should a man like Sir Samuel Romilly make such an attempt, would any attention be paid to him? No. He would be told that it would too much encourage litigation were it cheap—and likewise, that as the debts of this nation, occasioned by carrying on just and necessary wars, require much money, there can be no better fund than law suits. Thus there are no hopes that any Ministry would lend their aid to relieve the sufferings of the people from an evil whence so much money is extracted—there is no hope that a Parliament, of which lawyers form so prominent a part, would commit a *felo de se*. Is there then no resource, no means of obtaining justice without delay, and at a moderate charge?—Yes, if parties were wise enough to adopt it—Arbitration—not as it is usually done, to some young Barrister, who, wanting other business, is recommended by his more employed brothers, and who, lawyer-like, makes as much of it as he can, and entangles the case in technical jargon; let at once three neighbours, men of common understanding, be appointed, one to be chosen by each party, and the third named by the first two: this I conceive to be much better than appointing two, and that in case of their difference, a third shall be named as an umpire.

Considering the columns of your Paper to be too valuable for me to proceed with long explanations, I for the present content myself with this hint. Hereafter, perhaps, I may trouble you with something additional.

I am, Sir, &c. J. R.

White Horse-yard, Drury-lane, July 28, 1814.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT AND HER CRIB.

In one of the recent publications of this Propheteess, entitled the *Book of Wonders*, is announced "the coming of SHILOH, with a call to the Hebrews." The Spirit says, p. 4, "This year, in the 65th year of thy age, thou shalt have a Son by the power of the Most High, which if they receive as their Prophet, Priest, and King, then I will restore them to their own land, and cast out the Heathens for their sakes, as I cast out them when they cast out me, by rejecting me as their Saviour, Prince, and King, for which I said I was born, but not at that time to establish my kingdom."—In consequence of this announcement, the followers of JOANNA SOUTHCOTT, who are increasing both in town and country, are making all sorts of necessary preparations. It is certainly true, that she has literally been overwhelmed with presents.—Laced caps, embroidered bibs, and worked robes, a mohair mantle, which cost 150*l.*—splendid silver pap-spoons and caudle-cups (one shaped like a dove)—have been poured in upon her, till she has at length determined to receive no more of such things. To complete the desired apparatus, a magnificent Crib has just been finished by one of our first upholsterers, of which a friend has favoured us with the following particulars:—

"A short description of a Crib, made by Mr. Seddons, of Aldersgate-street, according to the order of some Gentlemen, who are members of the Church established by Joanna Southcott, for the New Messiah, with whom they believe she is now pregnant:—

"This Crib, which is made of an oblong square, is of the usual size of modern Cribs; the frame is made with satin-wood, richly ornamented with gold; the sides and ends filled with lattice work of gold. The body of the Crib, which they call the MANGER, is richly lined with blue satin, drawn together so as to give it the appearance of fluted work. The pillars on which it stands are taper, with ribbands of gold entwining round them. The head cloth is of blue satin, with a celestial crown of gold embroidered upon it, and underneath this appears the word SHILOH, in Hebrew characters, richly drawn, and exhibited in gold spangles. Over the head part of the Crib appears an elegant canopy of blue satin, lined with the finest white muslin, which is drawn together to a point, and fastened underneath, or within side the canopy, by a rose of blue satin. The outer point of the canopy is finished with the figure of a *Dove* of gold, resting on a small white ball, and bearing a branch of olive in its mouth. Around the outer rim

of the canopy is this inscription, in letters of gold:—"*A free-will offering by Faith to the promised Seed.*" The curtains and other drapery are blue satin edged with gold fringe, and looped up with gold lace and gold tassels. The inner curtains are of fine white muslin.

"The above is a description of what they call the Manger; besides which they have a Crib which fits within the former, and hangs upon swivels, that a proper motion may be given to it whenever the young Prince may require rocking.

"The Crib itself is made with satin wood, fitted in with the most beautiful cane-work, from which passes a cord of gold to a pedal, which is designed to rock the cradle whenever this may be proper for the infant, and to prevent the necessity of leaning over the manger, which might incommode the supernatural babe.

"The bed is of the finest elder-down, in a white covering; the coverlet is of the richest white satin, with a medallion in the centre, bearing the figures of a Lamb lying down with the Lion. The Lamb is worked in silver—the Lion in gold. These are surmounted by a Tree of Life worked in gold also. The sheets for the bed are made of the best cambric, edged with expensive lace.—*July* 29, 1814."

ON HYDROPHOBIA.

Mr. Examiner,—I was surprised to see so large a portion of your Paper lately filled with Extracts from *Dr. Mosely's Publication on Hydrophobia.* The opinions of that Gentleman appear to have been widely circulated (if we may judge from his work having gone through *six editions*); and if they are as generally believed too, I do not hesitate to say they must tend to increase the evils of the canine species, and, in a very vast degree, to augment the miseries of mankind. As many dogs have been known to hazard and endure the privation of life in our defence, not unfrequently thereby preventing us from premature death, we ought, I think, to feel a gratitude excited in our breasts towards that useful race, and on all occasions endeavour to ameliorate his sufferings: I shall therefore make a few remarks in behalf of this domesticated animal, and also shew the impossibility of his communicating any disease to man, or any other genus of animal than his own.

In all the laws of Nature, as far as yet they have been able to obtain explanation, we evidently discover a perfect and connected chain of cause and effect, linked together in the most perfect order and harmony. One link of which by way of example:—There exists in the seed of all animals and vegetables a particular radical cause, enabling each, *eternally*, to produce its own likeness: this particularity of radical cause constitutes a different formation and economy, permitting all granivorous animals to attract principles peculiar to themselves, notwithstanding many different classes are found to feed upon the same herbage. And it farther appears, that for the protection of one genus of animals from the diseases of another, that each has been furnished with a peculiar radical cause in the formation of its own compounded bodies.—Animal substances are complicated in their compounds, the spontaneous decomposition of which we term putrefaction. During this process, it is obvious that the principles of organized matter act upon each other according to fixed laws—the precise nature of which compounds, formed during the process, we are as unacquainted with as we are with those formed during any of those contagious and infectious diseases incidental to man. That the compounds formed, during this process, vary according to the radical cause, is clear, from carnivorous animals being capable of feeding upon the bodies of every other genus, even in the highest state of putrefaction, and of converting the compounds, formed during such state, into compounds fit for the support of life; whilst if the carcase was placed among the living of its own kind, it would, from those invariable and unchangeable laws, find its own likeness, produce the same preternatural state, and finally, the destruction of life. Animals are not found to feed upon their own kind from choice; nor are they, when compelled by necessity, capable, with impunity, when in a putrid state. Animals devour the membranes at the time of having young, and are found to remove their excrement out of the attractive sphere when putrefaction takes place, and are also capable of ascertaining their own compounds in a putrid state; for none have been known to eat them, if putrid, yet are they then found good food for some other genus. This shews that dogs possess the power of ascertaining and of avoiding diseases amongst themselves, which indeed has been universally allowed by every person that has paid the least attention to dogs, and clearly disproves Dr. Mosely's opinion on the subject, at the same time that it shews how putrefaction is prevented from existing upon the face of the earth; and were this not so, there would soon be an end put to both animal and vegetable creation.

Qualities of different natures, it is known, do not produce the same similitude. The diseases of animals, too, are known, when uncompounded with others, to be as distinct as their species. Instance the disease in the heels of the horse, termed by the farrier *the Grease*—also the pustulous sores on the feet of the cow; neither of these singly will affect the animal economy of man more than, perhaps, a blister, or any other stimulating application that would excite pain. The former of these, should the *cutis* be abraded on the hands, will evince local inflammation, and something similar would ensue from the *ichor* of the latter, and, when both are compounded with the *virus* in man, cow-pox is produced; but I repeat, neither of these, uncompounded, can affect the human species; *i. e.* decompose the juices of man solely from the juices of the single animal: from which it plainly appears, that there can be no argument of similitude deducible from any comparison made between the cow-pox and the bite of a mad dog, or any other rabid animal. And I further observe, that I conceive the idea completely erroneous, that states the juices of man capable of being so decomposed as to render him unfit for the purposes of life by the dental laceration of a dog, when in a diseased state; and of this, were it not for prejudice engrafted on us by custom, we should long since have been satisfactorily convinced.

Dogs cannot convey disease to man, for hundreds of people are employed in the skinning of these animals that have died of diseases contagious among themselves, yet no person has been affected therefrom, though some have received cuts on the hand during the process. How widely different would the effects have been, had they been so employed among their own kind! for it has been too frequently the case, that medical men have died from the bare inoculation from a putrid subject. and mankind are also subject to diseases, not kept up by inoculation, but which appear to arise from fixed laws; as measles, scarlet fever, chicken and swine pox; each possessing a different radical cause in their compounds, yet these invariably produce their own likeness, both before and after death.—Now, how Dr. Mosely will attempt to account for this want of stable and uniform action in his favourite hypothesis (his supposed virus), I am at a loss even to conjecture, for against it all Nature seems at determined variance. Dogs that have eaten bodies, which have been supposed to die from this *virus*, have never been affected. Inoculation has also been tried upon them from man, in the last stage of the disease, which has also proved ineffectual; nor have they ever been known to be affected with any of those contagious diseases to which man is subject: and as it is an invariable law in Nature, that compounds, arising in all contagious or infectious states, produce no other than their own determined likeness, this reason must appear obvious,—the radical cause not finding the same attractive power cannot therefore find a seat:—this thereby establishes the impossibility of the diseases of one genus of animals being conveyed to another.

That this *supposed* virus is not stable and uniform in its action, is clear, from persons becoming affected at very different periods, some three weeks, some six weeks, some six months, and we have an account of a man becoming affected even after *twelve years!* as in the following case:—Dr. Bardsley, of Manchester, relates, that John Lindley, a weaver, of Fearn Gore, Lancashire, of the age of 36 years, of middling stature, spare habit of body, and of a temperament inclined to the melancholic, was brought into the Manchester Lunatic Hospital, May 16, 1794. He expressed feelingly his sense of danger from the persuasion that his disorder proceeded from the bite of

a mad dog; he was desired to drink a little cold water, which, upon being presented, he rejected with every appearance of disgust and horror. being again strongly urged to drink, he made the attempt, and, with great exertion, got down a small quantity. He was perfectly rational, and appeared apprehensive of danger from the least noise, or approach of any person towards him; he afterwards ate some bread and cheese, but with much difficulty, and requested to be permitted to drink some butter-milk; he attempted to swallow this liquid, and, in part, succeeded, but not without the most violent struggling efforts, attended with distortions of his countenance, which remained slightly convulsed for some time afterwards. A consultation on this case being held, the general opinion finally declared this patient to be afflicted with genuine Hydrophobia. This man was industrious, sober, and regular in his living, but low-spirited, from the difficulty he found at times of maintaining a wife and six children. A few days previous to this attack, he applied to the overseers of his parish for assistance to pay his rent, but being unsuccessful, he yielded to despair,—from which he was roused by the piercing cries of his infants demanding bread; and, in a paroxysm of rage and tenderness, he sat down to his loom, supporting himself with hasty draughts of butter-milk sparingly taken, till, by bodily fatigue and mental anxiety, he was completely exhausted. To allay his thirst, after a little sleep, he wished for balm tea, but, from pain and tightness about the throat, he was unable to swallow it, exclaiming,—"*Good God, its all over with me;*" which exclamation recalled to his wife's recollection his having been bitten, *about twelve years before, by a large dog, apparently mad.*—This case appears more at large in my "Treatise explaining the impossibility of the disease termed Hydrophobia being caused by the bite of any rabid animal."

Dr. Jenner, in confirmation of this opinion, states, that diseases of dogs *cannot* be communicated from one kind to another, and that he has known as much misery produced to mankind from having been bitten by a dog infected with the distemper, as if the real disease had existed, proving that ideal objects produce the same effect as real ones: much more might be said in addition, but that I deem this single observation proof against controversy.—Dr. Hunter relates a case of twenty-one persons that were bitten by the same dog, and only one becoming affected, which was neither the first nor the last, nor the most lacerated; further observing, that little more of this disease is now known than was one thousand years ago:—and had any medicines been administered in the above case, we should have boasted of having discovered a medicine that had cured *twenty* persons out of *twenty-one!*—S me may attribute this to arise from the want of susceptibility, yet this is not found to be the chance of *twenty* to *one*, according to any known law; and as various specifics have been in use for the curing of this disease, such as sea-bathing, which has cured its thousands,—the Ormskirk Medicine, and Dr. Cobb's Specific, which has each cured its tens of thousands,—there cannot be a doubt but that one out of the number may have been bitten by a mad dog. To what then have they owed their escape?—not from the specifics,—for they have all been tried in the same case, and found inefficacious, and must therefore be deemed mere *nonentities!*

Some practitioners have likened this supposed virus to that which is secreted by venomous animals, as the viper, &c.—but that would then invariably produce the same effects in all animals; yet the virus supposed to be secreted by the dog in its preternatural state is said to produce dissimilar effects, viz. Hydrophobia in man, and madness in every other animal.—Dr. Mosely is therefore as speculative in his treatment of this supposed bodily disease, as is Mr. Gillman, when he recommends the removal of the bitten part *by excision*, at any time while under the influence of the disease, from the conceived idea that it becomes a warehouse, yielding the frame a constant supply of this supposed destructive virus. This would lead us to suppose, that we might as rationally attempt to regulate small-pox, after an excitation had been produced in the system, by the removal of the part with the knife where the virus had been inserted:—but had any obscure practitioner adopted such a plan, and it had come under the review of the College of Surgeons, no doubt they would have considered him a fit subject for the remedy prescribed by *Celsus* for the cure of Hydrophobia.—This was unfortunately applied, unsuccessfully, in the case of a lad, after every specific had, ineffectually, been resorted to; and it is thus described:—The lad was placed in an artificial salt-water bath, and held under its surface, till he ceased to struggle;—he was then taken up, and as soon as he had been brought to, the same operation was repeated:—it need scarcely be observed that death was the consequence.—If mankind are to be thus tortured with the knife of the surgeon, and the *lapis infernalis*, or hot irons, of the physician, without any rational cause assigned—how manifold will man's miseries become multiplied! If our cattle are to be destroyed from having been bitten by a mad dog, and our furniture burned in consequence, what incalculable losses must poor ignorant man sustain!

This disease, therefore, in man, supposed to arise from the bite of a mad dog, or any other rabid animal of the canine species, must be *a mental affection alone*, on which no bodily remedies ever had or can have avail:—as a further proof of this, the numerous recorded cases furnish this evidence, *that fewer deaths have occurred where medicines have not been administered*;—and it appears, from all analogical researches, that it has no existence in nature.—While, therefore, this supposed disease remains uninvestigated on principles upon which the cure or relief of all diseases depend, so long must it remain a reflection upon our Medical Professors.—I am, Sir, yours &c.

George-row, Bermondsey. W. MARYAN.

*** By way of conclusion, I add the following ludicrous postcript which was sent me by a friend, a few days ago, and which may serve to hold up the famed speculative opinions of certain Professors in a just and proper light:—

"ON HYDROPHOBIA!!!

"Some time ago a mad dog made its way into a coffee-house in the Strand, where it was instantly killed, without doing any mischief. One of the waiters, however, was seized, on Sunday morning, with the usual symptoms of *Hydrophobia*. The poor fellow having declared that he never was bitten by a dog in his life, the doctor pronounced him *not mad*; but when he confessed that he had of late been violently bitten by fleas, the Doctor ordered him to be smothered immediately. It appeared, that after the dog was killed, the waiter skinned it in order to sell the skin; and hence the Doctor very ingeniously concludes, that his Hydrophobia was produced in the following manner:—The mad dog bit one of the fleas which had taken lodgings in his skin, and of course the flea ran mad. The flea then bit his companions, and the whole party of mad fleas emigrated over to the poor waiter while he was skinning the dog. Of course they bit the waiter, and of course the waiter ran mad. This supposition is further confirmed by the behaviour of the patient himself, who, while they were seizing him in order to smother him, jumped about the room just like a *buck flea!* An old woman, who was in the room at the time, protested that she heard one of the fleas snarling and barking!!—This is highly credible: we have heard of a sow, that being bitten by a drunken farmer while he was in the Hydrophobia, reared herself on her hinder legs, and distinctly called for a noggin of rum.

Should an Hydrophobia arise amongst the fleas, what is to be done? Mr. Skin'emalive, Flea-destroyer to his Majesty, takes this opportunity of exhorting the public to patronize his efforts in extirpating the whole kidney. Mr. Skin'emalive flatters himself he can murder fleas after the neatest manner, and upon the most moderate terms of any man in England."

VIDE THE COMET.

POLICE.

BOW-STREET.

On Saturday week, in the afternoon, a young man drove to the office in a chaise and four, and not finding the Magistrates sitting, he indulged himself with calling the officers thieves, and various other hard names, and at length assaulted one of them. Sir N. CONANT and Mr. RICHARDSON arriving, the young

gentleman, who called himself Lord Boyle, and son of the Earl of Glasgow, continued to conduct himself in a very strange way. His Lordship however was permitted to go away by Sir N. Conant, on his own recognizance for 40*l.*, and a promise to find sureties the next day, which he did not keep.—The post-boys who brought him to the office said he had been drinking freely.—Two persons, who had hissed the Regent on his way to the House of Lords, were brought up, and ordered to find bail for the misdemeanour.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

Murder.—Friday morning, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, Miss Mary-Anne Welchman, a respectable young woman, who carried on business as a dress-maker in Mount-street, was barbarously murdered in the front room of the first floor. The report of a pistol was heard by the landlord and other persons in the house where she lodged, soon after twelve o'clock, which greatly alarmed them. Immediately afterwards they heard the discharge of another pistol; great alarm was also created in the neighbourhood. It was not, however, at first discovered that the pistols had been discharged in Miss Welchman's apartments, till the smell of gunpowder became extremely strong in the house; several persons in consequence proceeded to examine the house; they knocked at Miss Welchman's room door several times, and receiving no answer, they opened the door and entered the room. They then beheld Miss Welchman a lifeless corpse on the floor, and the body a shocking spectacle, particularly her head, which on examination proved to have been shot in two places, and but little remained of it. Two pistols were discovered on a table, which, on examination, proved beyond a doubt to be the deadly instruments which had done the horrid deed, as their state clearly indicated that they had very lately been discharged. A man's hat was also discovered in the room, but no man or person of any description could be found on the premises, who was suspected of being the perpetrator of the horrid deed; the hat that was found in the room, on examination, led to the discovery of the murderer, as it was ascertained to belong to a young man of the name of James Mitchell, and his not being found on the premises was afterwards accounted for by some persons who were in Mount-street at the time, a short distance from the house in which the deceased lodged, who heard the reports of the pistols, and immediately after that saw a man come out of the window of the first floor, and let himself down into the street by the assistance of the lamp-iron and the door, who then instantly ran off with all possible speed down the middle of the street; it was recollected that James Mitchell had been admitted into the house between eight and nine o'clock on Thursday evening, to visit Miss Welchman, and it was not known that he had gone out at the door. James Mitchell had been in the frequent habit of visiting Miss Welchman for some time past, and it was generally understood, and not doubted, but that he was paying his addresses to her by her consent, which circumstance coming to the knowledge of the deceased's brother, he had several interviews with her upon the subject, to endeavour to persuade her against continuing to countenance the courtship of James Mitchell, he being an improper connection for her to form. At length she listened to her brother's advice, and promised to act accordingly, and it is supposed that the deceased and James Mitchell had several interviews upon the subject, and that Thursday was the day of meeting fixed upon for the question to be finally settled.

At three o'clock on Friday afternoon the Coroner held an inquest at the Barley Mow, when the following testimony was adduced:—

Mr. Watkins, who was an inmate at No. 27, stated that a few minutes before 12 o'clock on Thursday night he was alarmed by the house-keeper. Miss W. had received the addresses of one Smith, some time, but latterly he was very troublesome, and she had *rejected them, but he still pressed his visits*, although she had denied herself. She had declined his visits on ascertaining who he was. Smith had called there that evening early, but witness went to bed. Miss Welchman used sometimes to see him in the passage only. When alarmed before twelve, the housekeeper desired witness to get up, and he had previously heard some words between Smith and the deceased. He heard the report of a pistol or gun distinctly, after hearing the deceased scream very loud, and which was followed in about three moments by another report of a like nature. Witness armed himself with a pair of tongs and went up stairs, when he found the deceased bleeding, and seemingly dead. The windows of the front room were open, out of which the assassin had escaped from off the top of the door, a height of 12 feet. He had left his hat and a brace of pistols in the room. Smith always appeared to witness to be of sound mind.

Mr. Russell, surgeon, was called to the deceased about 12 o'clock. He found her in a person's arms; she was insensible, but yet alive; she had lost much blood, and on examining the right temple he found a wound large enough to admit the top of his finger, and the temple was much swollen. He was informed two pistols had been discharged, and he found another wound on the left side, near the top of the head, where he supposed one of the balls had lodged, as one ball only was found in the room, which in his judgment was resisted by the substance at the temple. He had no doubt the ball on the left side the head had caused death. He also examined the pistols, and found both had been discharged.

Miss Mary Macey stated, that she was in business with her sister, and the deceased had lived with her two or three years, and was her forewoman. The offender went first by the name of Mitchell, and afterwards Smith or Mitchell Smith. He first introduced himself to Miss Welchman as a pursuer, and formerly countenance was given to his visits; but latterly he proved himself very disagreeable, and the deceased had forbade him the house, yet he still troubled her once or twice a day. She once refused to see him altogether. He came there before dark on Thursday, and sat all the evening in the work-room, which is the middle on the first floor, as witness and her young persons were in the front room. He was abusing the deceased, and wanted her to go out and sup with him, which she refused; she bade him leave the house frequently, which he refused to do. He said he would not go until she gave up a letter of his, which she had destroyed. Witness and her work people went down to supper about eleven o'clock, and the deceased followed them in about five minutes after, and said she must be alone with Smith about five minutes, and she returned to him; soon after she gave a loud scream, and the instant after the report of a pistol was heard, followed by that of another. Witness did not go up stairs, and could not tell what happened after. The windows were shut and the shutters bolted when witness went down stairs, and it is evident the assassin, premeditating the foul deed, had opened them when Miss Welchman went down stairs for a minute or two, as he had not time to do so between the report of the pistols and the time he escaped, and he could have got off no other way.

The constable, who produced the hat and pistols, which he found in the room, also produced a piece of the comb which one of the balls had shot from the head.

The deceased was a fine woman, between four and five and twenty, of most amiable manners and exemplary conduct.—*Verdict—Wilful Murder against Smith alias Mitchell.*

The murderer is about five feet five and a half or six inches in height, swarthy complexion, with forcible black eyes, and has the appearance of a shabby gentleman.

DEATHS

Saturday, the 23d ult. at his residence near Town, Sir Edward May, Bart. M.P. for the Town of Belfast.

Lately, at the Parsonage House, Bungh, Suffolk, aged 85, the Rev. Benjamin Dawson, LL.D. 54 years resident Rector of that parish.

Two persons lately died in Russia, one said to be at the age of 180, and another between 200 and 205, the latter being nearly 40 years older than our famous Jenkins, who died at 169.

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